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Edinburgh, 14th March
1853.

Wm. Garrison,

Dear Sir,

I address you thus familiarly because, although I only saw you once, and that, too, but for a moment, I feel that your nature is such as to render mere ceremony unnecessary.

My principal object in writing you at this time is to express my hearty sympathy with you, and the other steadfast friends of the slave around you, in the arduous task you have so long and ably laboured at, and to join my hope with that of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic,

that the same straightforward, honest, impartial course which has characterized your public career hitherto, may, under the blessing of God, continue to characterize it. I refer, more particularly, to the manner in which you conduct the "Liberator." It appears to me the freest Newspaper in the world, notwithstanding many things appear in it with which I cannot agree; but for these the writers (not the Editor) are responsible. I rejoice that, although thousands of miles part us, I can yet know there is at least one corner, one green spot, in the great world, where free thoughts are

boldly uttered, and, in defiance
of Slunkeyism and Slave-
holders, as boldly protected.

It requires great moral
courage and self denial to
occupy such a position, for
although the progress of truth
must always be really accelera-
ted by free discussion, yet
the partial suppression, or
political management of a
truth, might give greater
present honor and redound
more to the selfish interests
of a party. I thank God,
then, that He has endowed the Rad-
ical Abolitionists of America
with the broad, unflinching spirit
of free inquiry. Continue to
pursue your present manly

counsel, and ultimate success will crown your efforts.

Years may, and, I suspect, will elapse before the full consummation of your hopes, but it is not for man to dictate his working time; he must be up and doing, waiting patiently for the result. May the Almighty long give you health, strength, faith, and courage to assist in fighting the battles of national and individual liberty! and, believe me,

Dear Sir,

Yours very truly

A Scotchman.

James Gulland.
(Name not to be published)